

from paradise. Just as they reach the dividing line they are met by a well-fed, slick-looking guy, who shouts at the top of his voice: "Come on, fellows, right this way for paradise, the man who wrote 'Paradise Lost' was blind and didn't know what he was doing—I'm the gink that put the dice in paradise—come on." The way he took them across the street would have made the Pied Piper of Hamelin town look like a selling plater in a bunch of derby winners. He led them to a stately building, where they entered elevators and were whisked to the top and ushered into a room vibrant with the sounds of a thousand brass instruments—not made of the metal used in angels' trumpets, but real telegraph instruments. One big fellow in a striped suit whirled on the "Gink" who had enticed them in and exclaimed: "Whaddayamean, paradise!—this is hell. I've heard of it before."

What's the matter with the Western Union? Ain't Jones School of Telegraphy catching any more suckers? They have to impose on a lot of convicts that are powerless to keep away from it and force it on them. It's a fact they have discharged hundreds of operators in the past year on account of no work for them. It's a fact that old timers over at the W. U. have been making less than half time all winter. It's a fact they maintain a blacklist and discharge operators on suspicion of belonging to the Commercial Telegraphers' union. They break up homes, drive men to suicide, drive them from their native land and in many other ways make life miserable for their employes.

Mr. Cochran, won't you, through your noble little sheet, give this the publicity it deserves? The poor convict has served his time—get him a job out in the sunlight where he can smell sweet flowers and hear the song birds as he did when a boy. He has been buried alive once, and the present-day telegraph office is no

place to start the "come-back" process. He'd be back at his old trade inside of a year.—An Old Timer.

**RAPS JUSTICE.**—I would say justice as handed down by some of our judges and juries, for instance, after the supreme court decides that picketing is lawful there are judges who can be found that will issue injunctions against it. Then again that Priest Mullen verdict, in which the jury said: "We, the jury, find the defendant, John Mullen, committed the act charged in the indictment, but at the time of the commission of said act he was an insane person and since the commission of said act has permanently and entirely recovered from said lunacy or insanity."

What right had the jury to pass on the sanity of the defendant. That was the most foolish verdict I ever heard. If he had been a poor man no such verdict would have been given. So I say again, justice as handed down by some of our judges and juries is the biggest fake in Chicago.—Warren Burnham, 2126 Monroe st.

**WANTS THE REASON.**—I would like to know why they single out the United Charities and make it an object of attack. Is it not as well, if not better, conducted than any other private or parochial institution, hospital or school? All of them are conducted for profit. Every dollar contributed to such propaganda is a dollar for the destruction of public institutions.

Our public schools, hospitals or other institution properly conducted are worth 100 private monopolies. One aged or mothers' pension is worth 100 charitable institutions.

Uncle Sam stepped in and established one system of postoffices and forbids anybody to start a rival to it. Then is it not just as essential that Uncle Sam should step in an establish a system of public institutions? Is not suffering humanity worthy of